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The Anchor.

DECEMBER.



HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.

CONTENTS

Letter from China,	Page 281
Black Molly,	" 284
If I Were a College Student,	" 286
Editorials,	" 291
College Jottings,	" 294
Exchanges,	" 298

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NUMBER 3.

Letter From China.

(For The Anchor.)

China is not yet broken up into bits, tho she has received a tremendous shaking and several crashes lately, leaving her considerably cracked and scared.

The situation is not only anomalous but sad; anomalous because while all the powers seemed arrayed against her, and her capitol is invaded, not one can be brought to say that she is in a state of war. Again all the desolation of war and the evils that follow its train are rampant; so is not the situation also justly called sad?

We dare not prophesy the future of China; we only know that she never again can be what she once was. There has been far too much of revolution for that.

True, the Peace Protocol has just been signed; but do not the most sanguine among us wonder if China has really repented? We see ominous signs, we hear whispers of discontent.

Even yet, many foreign men of war grace or disgrace our harbor and are continually coming or going.

Probably you are more interested in what is taking place here in more southern parts, where some of your own number are located.

We are hoping that this beautiful little island of Kolongsu will soon become a municipality. But, as all the foreign consuls are squabbling, probably, consequent delay must ensue. In these oriental climes one's mind and body must get used to delays, hard as that may be upon our western ideas. The

French and Japanese are jealous rivals in this whole province of Fukien.

If China *must* be divided up then we favor the Japanese, in preference to the French. We have no hesitancy in saying that the Japanese would favor the progress of Christian work, while the French would bring in Roman Catholicism and much besides, quite as undesirable.

Also we cannot forget the history of French rule in Madagascar, so we await with considerable interest the development of recent events. In our lovely little harbor, at one end, we can plainly see a huge French Man-of-War, closely guarded by three Japanese smaller, but still formidable, gunboats. You may easily imagine that all this produces a peculiar impression upon the mind of the Chinaman. Put yourself in his place, and, What would I do? is the question each one might ask himself, before he judges too harshly.

I have long thought of writing you some description of a very peculiar sport I witnessed not long ago.

Apropos of the many college games, entered into now-a-days is one Chinese sport, I do not think Hope College venture some ones would care to try, nor the most liberal among the Faculty to encourage. I refer to jumping over fire.

On the fifteenth day of the first Chinese month (generally about the middle of our February) the "Feast of Lanterns" is observed. On the evening of this day you may see all over the city, small bonfires, bright, crackling, and evidently pretty hot. There are little groups of men and boys standing near. Our party went a little to one side to watch with interest. After their prolonged staring at us, one after another gained courage, and then made a dash, a spring through the air, and safely landed on the other side, would come down a living figure, wiping the perspiration and dust from off his heated face. This is kept up for several hours, the waning fire being constantly replenished. Strange to say, but few accidents occur, and long after midnight, you may hear the sounds of revelry.

The more dignified among the Chinese worthies indulge in other sports, such as archery. How old fashioned that sounds to us, and yet it is still practiced, and prize examinations are held every year at the famous annual examination periods.

There is, however, much for the Chinaman to learn in the way of genuine, beneficial, bodily exercise, and his phlegmatic temperament might be improved were he stimulated more by some of our western ideas. The sheer, overwhelming force of numbers coupled with modern armor and western civilization, and without Christianity,—this is the "yellow peril," which Sir Robert Hart so aptly styles the China of to-morrow.

But, the longer I live in China the more I am impressed with the fact that the Chinese are not only a peculiar, but an

interesting people, if viewed from the right standpoint. And, I believe, I am about as interested in their great antiquity as in anything else.

I visited, a few weeks ago, a very ancient bridge, not many miles from here. It is famous for its great age and the immense granite stones and pillars, which have been raised so many feet. Of course, the interesting query is, How did the Chinese, in these ages gone by manage to handle these tremendous piles?

As I stood on the bridge, not "at midnight," but in the glorious sunlight of a mid-winter day, Longfellow's beautiful poem irresistably stole into my mind, and "A flood of thought came o'er me."

Lo, I thought, "How many thousands of care-encumbered men, each bearing his burden of sorrow, have crossed [this] bridge since [when?]" And my mind tried to grasp the significance of all my surroundings. On one side beneath some grand old banyan trees, were the inevitable little cluster of Chinese houses, the inhabitants all indifferent to the grandeur around them; midway on the bridge, the omni-present little temple or shrine, dirty, dusty, all but neglected. From the other side, rise hills and mountains, on top of which are built forts, remnants of different eras of war and fighting. They look down now upon a peaceful valley, but it was not always so. At the foot, a larger and apparently newer temple adds, if not variety, at least interest to the scene. Within are some large hideous idols, and we noted the travellers skipping in to refresh themselves by bowing low before these images, lighting the tiny bamboo sticks and offering them as an oblation before their idol.

Below me, under the bridge, flowed the river, an important highway, opening up the vast regions of the North, and hundreds of boats are continually passing and repassing up and down the stream. And in great contrast to all this that is antique and apparently unchangeable, I looked above to see the telegraph wires which are not so massive but very strange and even awesome as I began to think of the great gulf between the Past and the Present, and the mighty forces latent in those tiny unseen wires, yet so powerful to me. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day, and I wanted to share it with you.

I have been very much pleased to receive each year, the report of Hope College and to note so much progress. You will be saddened to hear of the serious illness of your former College mate, Mr. Warnshuis. However, I believe, at last there is a slight improvement. Typhoid seems to have fastened itself upon this beautiful little island, and it has already gained many victims; but the dreaded bubonic plague, I am very happy to report as over for this year at least.

FRANCES PHELPS OTTE '83

Amoy, September 1901.

Black Molly.

She was a remarkable lass was black Molly, rather short of stature and black as a switch engine. She first hailed from a mining district in Tennessee, tho of her family connections little is known. She seems to have grown up with the rocks and coal dust of the neighborhood, neglected and uncared for. Thus she was, a pickaninny, when she came to the notice of an ore smelter from Detroit. He brought her to his home with the determination to see what could be made of her. Here in charge of his servants she was trained and moulded into a very useful domestic. So serviceable indeed did she become that her service was in great demand; and her wages were repeatedly raised. So much for her early history.

Black Molly's career began in earnest when she came to College town, whither she came highly recommended. Here she took service in the employ of one, a Mr. Queer, who was one of twenty inmates of a large three story brick flat. It was here that she got religion and a fairly good education. It was here too, that she was courted. Here also she died. But I haven't come to that yet in my narrative, tho as I have said, she eventually died. When she came to Mr. Queer's she was I should say about eighteen years of age, but I may be mistaken a decade or so, for it is next to impossible to arrive at a darkie's age, for two reasons: first, because they are not positive of it themselves; and second, because they don't show it. But no matter, she came to Mr. Queer's somewhere under fifty, certainly.

Now Mr. Queer was queer. It was a mere coincident that his name just fitted his nature. It was not premeditated nor concocted at all. It simply happened as things so often will. Mr. Queer's age I can state with more certainty; in fact, I can tell it you exactly. He was just forty-one years, eight months and nineteen days counting back from seven o'clock in the morning. He knew the date of his birth, for he had it written on the fly leaf of his grandfather's Bible. Queer devoted most of his time to the study of standard theological works. Among his favorites were such worthies as "King Solomon's Mine," Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," and "Lamartine's Discourses." The only purpose of my going into detail about Queer, is to make clear that Molly had fallen in good orthodox surroundings.

Queer almost always read aloud from his favorite dog-eared friends. In his method of reading and reasoning, the visual and auditory sensations prevailed about equally. Molly, of course, heard a very great deal of this learning and revelation. Naturally inclined to be religious, she became wonderfully pious. Her education kept apace with her piety, tho she could read never a word.

Almost immediately after her arrival at the flat, Molly received a caller who in turn became suitor, friend, lover and—but that is as far as the case was carried; for Beech Blox, that is the suitors name, was indescribably slow and faint-hearted, an imbecil in body and mind. He was an intimate friend of Queer's who had really induced him to make Molly a call. Queer always had to carry the angular Beech Blox in his arms, up three flights of stairs; for you see it was not yet the days of elevators, and aerial machines.

Queer at best was not sociable, and as a result of this, Molly and Beech Blox were thrown upon one another's society a great deal. Blox was undemonstrative while Molly frequently had serious and meditative moods, and then as might be expected, courting gave place to napping on the one side, and musing on the other.

Thus matters slowly went on in a monotonous groove. Queer quit the flat; but Molly remained behind. She was averse to movings and changes. It so happened that the new tenant who followed Queer, was anxious to engage her service, so she remained. But none of the successors of Queer stayed so long in the old flat. They came and went; but Molly still stayed. Age was wearing upon her, while Beech Blox seemed to be in possession of the Elixir of life. He remained just so helpless, no more no less, as time passed on. At last it became quite plain that Molly was nearing the end. Her bones became rheumatic. Her face furrowed. Catarrh developed into asthma. Breathing became difficult; but she still bore up heroically. Outis, the last of the tenants, was too easy-a-going master to discharge her now in her helpless old age. The poor-house and the refuge-home were no place for her, so he kept her to the end. Dr. Flowervale, her attending physician, was frequently summoned, but he could do nothing for her. She gradually delined till one day when the house was quiet she reeled, swooned and fell heavily. Her lanky neck was broken by the fall. A profuse hemorrhage upon the floor, told of her dying agony. Poor Black Molly was dead. All were deeply touched at the loss of the old servant in whose beaming presence, they had so often gathered. Beech Blox sat huddled up in the wood shed and would not be comforted. Her remains were tenderly conveyed to Scrapiron Cemetery by her one and only relative, a Mr. Junkdealer.

Reader, let me tell you quietly while yet the mourners go about the street. Black Molly was an old, wood-burner, box stove in No — Van Vleck Hall.

THE OCCUPANT.

John A. Hollander

If I were a College Student.

BY CHARLES F. TWING, D. D., L. L. D.

(In Saturday Evening Post.)

IF I WERE a college student I would:

(1) Care for my health. Health is both an agent and a condition for enjoyment or for service. It is, in college as well as out of college, nourished by three simple methods: food, sleep, exercise. College men usually eat too much of ill prepared food, and eat it too fast; they usually do not sleep enough the first part of the night, and they exercise too little and not over wisely. The food of the college men and women should be simple, it should be abundant, and it should be eaten, seasoned and salted with talk. Concerning what is simple food, of course, opinions differ. My friend, Dr. Powell tells of a patient who complained of a pain in the stomach. The doctor inquired about his diet.

"We live very simply, very simply," replied the man.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "but tell me what you had for breakfast this morning."

"A very simple breakfast we had, very simple breakfast; we had doughnuts and Bologna sausage." Such a simple breakfast is not one best fitted for the college boy or girl.

The student is too much inclined to economize in sleep. The student is very busy. His chief lack is a lack of time. Every teacher is eager to get him to do all the work he can do, and a bit more. Every organization wants his loyalty and service. He is liable to come to the end of the day with many tasks still remaining undone. The late evening is the time for his working. The last loitering caller has gone. The halls are still. He can now get his time in long periods. His sense of power is quickened. His mind is alert. He feels he can now do three hours work in one. Nine o'clock: "Good stuff—this Calculus—I believe I'll elect it next term." Ten o'clock: "Making fine progress—Hegel had more sense than I ever gave him credit for." Eleven o'clock: "Goethe can master the human heart, can't he! This is great." Twelve o'clock: "Great thought, that—I must write a book some time on that. Midnight? but I can't go to bed now."

But such work, noble, large, inspiring,—done under such conditions, exciting, exhausting—takes the precious lifeblood of the student. He cannot constantly follow such a method without suffering dire calamities. I have seen too many bright minds clouded, too many strong wills weakened, too many promising careers wrecked, not to warn the student. At least eight hours should every student sleep. A fair proportion is: to sleep eight, to study ten, to talking and to walking, to eating and to

exercising and fun, six hours, out of every twenty-four.

The third element of this trinity of healthful force, is exercise. Exercise has become a matter of expert opinion, and the expert is the doctor. I speak as a layman. But to me the chief matter in exercise is to lay in strength sufficient not only to preserve one's vigor in college but also to carry one through one's whole life. I notice that men who rowed in college had a different bearing for decades after graduation from that of men who did not row. Their backs are broader, their shoulders squarer, their legs better built out. Not all men can row. But every man can, in the gymnasium in four years, make and harden muscles that will bless him for forty years. We often speak of the college man having reserve power. The remark should apply as exactly to the physical as to the intellectual constitution. But without the gymnasium one can do much.

(2) If I were a student I would try to cultivate the major graces. I say major graces. Usually we speak of the virtues as major and the graces as minor. I have no purpose to depreciate virtue or the virtues. But I do wish to make significant the place which the graces play in the life of the student. The graces constitute the lady or the gentleman. These elements are far more contributory to the happiness and success of the career of the student than he usually believes. There are many men who are faithful, honest, able, who yet fail to secure the results which faithfulness, honesty ability ought to secure, for the simple reason that they are not gentlemen. They are not likeable, they are not liked.

The one comprehensive element in the major graces is graciousness. Graciousness is the one condition out of which the individual graces grow and blossom. It is appreciation of the other man at his full worth, and even at more than his full worth. It is a favoring of him who is undeserving or even ill-deserving. It is putting one's self in the place of another. It is not only the Golden Rule, but it is even more; it is not simply loving your neighbors as you love yourself but loving him a little better. It is certainly treating him with an honesty and a favoritism higher than you would demand of yourself for yourself. Its significance is well embodied in the phrase: "After you sir."

Of course, graciousness is never to become fawning. Fawning is born of the desire to secure certain favors from a superior. It is essentially base and mean. Graciousness is founded upon the genuine belief that the person to whom one is gracious has the certain right to receive a favor, or rather that the one who is gracious has a certain right to bestow a favor upon the ill or undeserving. Fawning is asking favors; graciousness is giving favors. Graciousness is very well de-

scribed in saying, it "suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

In this song of graciousness are one or two notes on which I wish to linger. One of these notes is the relative importance of a series of events and the relative unimportance of a single event. Every event in a career is joined to every other. Each event may be said to be significant. Sometimes one event is exceedingly significant. As a single spoonful of wine is sufficient to indicate to the taster the worth of the whole cask, so a single event may prove whether one is a gentleman. But the college student is in danger of forgetting that this one event, or act, or process is only one. He is prone to believe that success or failure in the one condition determines success or failure in the whole career. He lives too much in today; and he is often too willing, in order to win today, to barter his chance of winning the everlasting tomorrow. The price paid for the present success may be altogether too heavy. He should learn the lesson of waiting. He also should learn the lesson of the interaction of all forces. The kindness of law and the severity of truth, the patience of hope and the energy of strength, the height of purpose and the moderation of present achievement, are all working together to bring forth on the whole the noblest and the wisest. It is much to learn to labor; it is also much to learn to wait; it is more, and most, to learn both to labor and to wait. Such labor and such waiting are never resultless. The sense, therefore, of the relation of things the college student should cultivate.

In graciousness too, if I were a student I would not neglect the payment of special respect to those to whom special respect is due. Special respect is due to one's benefactors. I have not infrequently been made happy by expressions of satisfaction on the part of benefactors with the gratitude which beneficiaries have made known. It requires good sense and good taste to thank a benefactor properly. But I have also heard benefactors of students of colleges, in which I have no special interest, say that not one in ten of those whom they aided ever returned to give thanks. Such silence is not golden.

Let me also add that special respect is due to one's parents. To his parents the college student owes a peculiar debt. They are giving him a training longer, finer and more costly than nine hundred and ninety nine other boys in every thousand receive. They have given to him not simply being, but also an education which will in most instances be determinative of his career. The college boy cannot love them too much; with all his love he can

not love them so much as they love him; and he cannot show his love too constantly or too strongly.

Graciousness, too, will lead the college man into that priceless mood and habit which is called good fellowship. To call a man a good fellow is one of the highest compliments which can be paid to him.

I was recently asking my friend and neighbor, Mr. Mark A. Hanna, to make a speech at a college anniversary. Mr. Hanna inquired: "Why do you want me to come to a college meeting? I am no scholar."

"For three reasons", I replied. "First, because you are a member from Ohio of the United States Senate, and therefore can represent the general Government; second, because you were formerly a student in the old college, and, third, because you were a good fellow."

"That third I like," said Mr. Hanna.

What is a good fellow? It is easy to tell what he is not. He is not a prig; he is not a snob; he is not a cad; he is not a dunce; he is not usually a genius, although he may be. It is not easy to tell what he is, although it is very easy to recognize him when you have seen and heard and been with him for a quarter of an hour. The one word, it seems to me, interpretive of him is the word sympathy. The good fellow puts himself in your place. He understands you. He feels with you. He smiles in your laughter and is sorrowful in your tears. He can trifle when you trifle, although he is not a trifier. He can be serious in your seriousness, but he is not by nature solemn. The good fellow of the worthiest type is a great fellow. Out of and by means of his sympathy—intellectual, emotional, volitional—he leads his associates into the noblest sort of life; but his persuasiveness is so gentle and his influence is so unconscious that men often find themselves better men without knowing the process or even dreaming of the result, until the result has been secured. If I were a college student I would cultivate this sense of good fellowship with all sorts and conditions of men. But this sense of good-fellowship allows and demands that a man shall keep himself. The attributes of companionship are never to be suffered to wear down individuality. A man can not be a good fellow of the best type if conscience be wronged or blistered.

If I were a student I would seek less for knowledge and more for the significance of knowledge. I would care less to be a scholar and more to be a thinker. If I could be a great scholar I might be content with being a scholar; but as this would be impossible I would try to be a thinker. For the thinker is needed in American life; his presence and power are its greatest need. I play golf with one of the greatest of our financiers. In my impetuosity he said to me one day: "Play with deliberation:

play with deliberation." Deliberation means what I may call intellectual and emotional thoughtfulness. "I go over my accounts", he said to me on another occasion, "once and twice and thrice, and then I go over them again, and once more, too, and then once again, to make sure I have made no mistake."

It is such thought—accurate, thorough, comprehensive—which has made him a master. Knowledge has small value. It vanishes. The college man forgets. He knows more when he enters than when he leaves college. It is a happy thing that he can forget. Who would be a walking cyclopædia? It must be extremely disagreeable to the man who thus walks and to all who may meet him. But the having known and the having forgotten should leave a resultant of power; of power to think, which is far more precious than the knowledge gained or lost. If I were to be a college student again I would try to make myself a man of power; and the only or chief power would be the power to think. To get this power I hope that I should be willing to toil terribly.

(4) If I were again to become a college student I would try to do more than my duty. It is hard enough to do one's duty—so hard that one is fairly safe in saying that no one does it; but it is not so hard to do more than one's duty. To do more than one's duty transmits duty into grace. To do more than one's duty lifts the ought into a right. To do an act of grace is like tying wings to one's heels; to do an act because it is right gives to the doing inspiration, quickening, life. I always have a sense of at once pity and admiration for the man who is at the foot of his class; pity, because he is there and not at some other point in the class; admiration, because he is there at all, for it is such hard work to stay there, and it would be so easy to drop out entirely. The man at the other end does not awaken the same kind of admiration; it is easy for him to do his work, to do more than his teachers expect. I counsel my friends to take the easy part, and to stand not simply at the head, but at the head of the head. Be the rival of yourself. Let the hardest master be yourself; let the most urgent and joyous command you hear be the command of your own inner voice.

The word duty easily brings one up to the ethical and religious relations. I may as well at once confess that I as a college student would be religious. I would not be religious for the sake of being ecclesiastical; I would be religious for the sake of being ethical and for the value, too, of religion itself. It is pretty hard work to be moral when one is only moral; it is hard enough to be moral when one is religious, but is much less hard than when one is simply moral. It is so thoroughly worth while to be moral that it is well to be religious. But religion too, in and of itself puts one into relation with the Supreme Be-

ing. This relation is the highest which the college or any other men hold. The college man or any other man who declines to enter into the highest relation which he can enter is, of course, nothing less than a fool. One misses in the culture of the college the noblest elements if he leave out religion. Religion gives a sky to the student's world. It unites and correlates. It gives inspiration and a spirit of hopefulness. It enlarges, broadens and deepens. It does for the ordinary man what poetry does for the imaginative soul. It is not so much an act as a mood. It does not *do*; it *is*. The student who is nobly religious is, other things being equal, the finest beneficiary and the finest benefactor of the college.

x x x

EDITORIALS.

Freedom of the Press.

The American congress, the grandest legislative assembly in the world, is again in session. Although this is the short session, it is likely to prove an important one. The Philippine problem, tariff revision, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and the question of dealing with anarchy, will all be considered.

Legislation on the last of these questions, if bills that are at present being prepared were to pass, would prove fatal to one of the grandest of our civil institutions,—the freedom of the press.

A clause in one of these bills reads as follows: "That every person who shall knowingly write, print, or publish, or shall cause to be written, printed or published, any editorial, article, letter, circular, picture, or cartoon, intended and designed to expose the president or vice-president of the United States, any member of the president's cabinet, the chief justice of the supreme court, to public hatred, scorn or contempt, shall be deemed guilty of crime against the government and upon conviction thereof be punished by ten years' imprisonment at hard labor."

This clause can be construed in no way except as aiming directly at the freedom of the press. Shall public criticism be suppressed? Shall we employ a Russian censorship of the press? This clause is built upon the presumption that our officials can do no harm in office. A presumption unfounded in the annals of mankind. While our Republic has been very fortunate in the choice of its chief Executives; while, wholly without exception, we had presidents that were men of strong character; and that had the welfare of the nation at heart, it is erroneous to presume that they are infallible. The public press has always been a guide to presidents. And, although cartoons and criticisms have sometimes been severe, we do not believe that a man who is a public servant should object to the publication of the

truth, neither do we believe that a man will be permanently injured by the publication of a lie. The assassination of Mr. McKinley cannot be traced to anything ever spoken or written against him. The assassination was a blow against government of any kind. It was not because of personal animosity.

We should deprecate any restrictions upon the press beyond criminal libel or slander. These evils are punishable by law. Granting that some have abused the latitude allowed, the evils of restriction would be far greater than the evils of freedom.

Sovereignty of the people, and freedom of the press are correlative institutions. One cannot exist without the other.

Far different from this bill is the sentiment expressed by so eminent a statesman as Senator Dolliver, in a speech delivered at the memorial service held in Chicago, September 22nd, when he says: "The bill of rights, written in the English language, stands for too many centuries of sacrifice, too many battle fields sanctified by blood, too many hopes of mankind reaching toward the ages to come, to be mutilated in the least, in order to meet the case of a handful of miscreants whose names nobody can pronounce."

x x x

Art Education.

A new addition has been made to the Reading-room. Not a book this time, nothing for intellectual development, but an aid to the training of the aesthetic sentiment. The picture "Breaking the Home Ties", is deeply appreciated by all the students. It is a pleasure to gaze at the pathetic scene and to drink in all its meaning and teachings. Art truly is an educator.

x x x

Drink, Creature, Drink.

A university has been likened to a public fountain from which all may drink and quench their thirst for learning. The analogy is a beautiful one on paper, but many a student has found to his disappointment that drinking at these fountains is often a bitter experience. Too often it is not quenching but drenching. Instead of being pleasant drinking fountains many colleges and universities are nothing more or less than a laboratory for testing the maximum strength and capacity of *bottles*. If a student can stand the strain of so many lines of Latin and Greek, can memorize so many pages of logic, or recapitulate a dozen propositions in geometry—he is a success, at least while at college. He is regarded as a being of finer clay, by divine right destined to become a leader of men. He is crammed full to the explosive point with ideas, theories and ductile subtilities from which

is generated no small amount of conceit. He is accordingly labeled with the all requisite sheepskin bearing the mark of the great seal upon it. Forth he goes to conquer and be conquered, at imposition upon the public, and an injustice to himself.

Contrast with the finished college man just described—the student who has come from behind the counter, the work bench or the plow. He is not gifted. He is dull, backward and slow in his grasp of a subject. But in leaving the drudgery of the farm or shop, he had one great aim actuated by a strong desire for an education and a higher plane of usefulness. He fails in some of his examinations. Should he not now be allowed to come to the fountain? Should he not be allowed to satisfy his craving, if but one goblet be all that is needed to do it? Why, if he can not drink a tankard, deny him a single draught? How often is it not said of this or that student, "His place is in a trench with a pick; that fellow is fit for nothing else than a mule driver." Who is to judge, the impatient teacher who gets a stated salary for dispensing his stock of ideas; or the student with a deep longing to possess something of the truth that makes men free? He who kills the hope and ambition of a student be he dull or bright, is guilty of a crime. He has blighted a life which nothing can afterwards atone for.

The supporters of universal education should see to it that our schools and colleges are in reality fountains of knowledge where the eager may drink their fill without being made to drench themselves with superfluity. From this consideration we may exclude the indifferent student, the student who has no aim, who fails because he does not apply himself. For these the restrictions of examinations and marking systems are none too severe. Such should not be encouraged to hang around. They are out of place in any school.

x x x

The Boycot Plan.

How to injure England, how to aid the Boers are the questions which the common people of Europe have been asking for a long time. No government can be found brave and unselfish enough to openly side with the Boers and to force England to arbitration. Now the people, the working classes of Europe, seem to have found a way to break England's power by striking a fatal blow at a vital point, her commerce.

A boycott of all English ships is planned. The dock-workers of nearly all large harbors of Holland, Germany, Belgium, France and Spain have agreed not to load and unload any British ships after December 1st. The plan is receiving sympathy from all sides; also censure is not withheld. The pro's and con's are carefully being discussed, but the proposed boy-

cot bids fair to become a reality. The dockworkers have even now set apart one third of their wages for future use. for the refusal to work will make them breadless. Funds are being collected and cheerfully given by the many Boer sympathizers to aid the workmen and to give them at least some compensation for their sacrifice.

Will the boycott succeed? No one can tell. Speculation upon speculation may be made about the dire consequences for England and the reflex influence upon the continent; all depends upon the leadership, the faithfulness of the followers, the strength of the sacrificing love for the Boers.

But this ought not be the question now. Idealism is at war against materialism, right against love for the dollar. Will the support be large enough to realize the plans of this general boycott? Think of the great moral influence this decision will have on the character of these European nations! Sacrifice always ennobles; egotism always debases. Apart from the great question of aiding the Boers in an effectual way, these unlettered dock workers would give to the world an ideal of unselfishness; they would raise civilization to a higher plane. That civilization may be called the highest under the influence of which an instinctive action for personal, material good is best translated into an action leading to the good of the community. Especially is this synonymous with universal humanity.

A definite decision would be, as it were, an ultimatum to England; for should the war in South Africa be ended before December thirty-first, the plans of the boycott would not be carried out. We trust the principles of the boycott will win the day, as the originators of the plan are hoping and praying.

x x x

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

"Politics?"

Hello! 311 first.

"Minnie—ha-ha"

"Lito, a—ha Lito."

Welmers says a cold always attacks him in his weakest spot.

Grace says she'll toss pennies with any girl of the L. L. L.

Even our worthy professors seem to have had their day.

Prof. B—s cites a bar-room incident.

Prof. L—d's mind goes back to waitresses.

Prof. B—n muses over the moonlight stroll.

Prof. D—t recalls the superlatives of his lady school-mates.

Polliwogs!

Fire crackers and buck shot;

Spray, malt, hot stuff and saw dust;

Whisky, suds, mud, coach oil and axle-grease,

Filling, shreds, tuffe and gold dust,

Corn cobs and door mats;

Dough!

The above is the menu served at the "Pyg Table" side shows.

NOTICE!!!

A new organization has been formed called the "Jack ass Club." This club holds its regular meeting during the college lectures, same time and place as said lectures. The Club is in a prosperous condition, does business openly and without reserve. All desiring to become members will meet on the stairway of Graves Hall during entrance and exit of audience.

In reading these locals, if you fail to see the points, just read along the lines. The points are there.

"Ah me! ah me! Oh! the clouds of Aristophanes!"

Hess says any little cur can chase a mastiff going home.

Pedestrians passing the Club House should be on the look out, or Huizenga will snap that raffled camera upon them unawares. We learn that he is selling the products to leading cartoonists of the country.

Some girls of the L. L. L. say that a dry time is possible even when there is an abundance of food and drink.

"Pat" is a wheeler all round.

Prof. Bergen during elocution hour with the Juniors was heard to sigh for the freedom of his youth. And the Juniors all long for the captivity, excepting Stuart.

Kleinhesselink frankly admits that he is a *little stiff*.

Hessel alias "Bub" says: "I am a liver near the heart of Forest Grove."

Under the skillful care of Dr. Mersen, Kruizenga is convalescing.

The "A"s think Prof. D— would be a good medicine man, because he is so well posted on roots.

Patsy's Sunday afternoon naps are a curiosity; his cousin and the Van Vleckites.

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Melly's late hours have necessitated the arrival of an extra load of coal at Cor. River and Thirteenth Sts. "Better hire a fireman too, Melly."

Miss Roest says all the students have sweethearts at home anyway.

Slang is used even in the Rocky Mountains. The Prof. of literature said so. He was there. He said so. A woman, a vewy vulgah woman said one day—she did, indeed,—by Jove, "Wubbah! Tie youh neck to youh heel and you'll make a good wheel!" She did, indeed. He said so.

Hessenius thinks that in this age of *barberism* it is unnecessary to shave.

VanderSluis advertises a clearing-out sale of *Summers* goods.

Prof. M— assures Miss Riemens that her behavior is never better than when she is in his company.

Every true alumnus should subscribe for THE ANCHOR.

Prof. Bergen addressed the Sophmores, and yea veril he spoke with *powah*.

Cooper's next lecture is announced. The subject "Force of habit."

VanderMel fails to detect a sufficient quantity of personal element in his equation of power.

Walvoord and Brouwer claim to have had no part in the hallowe'en depredation.

The announcement found in one of the local papers will be rehearsed for the benefit of unnotified parties: "Next Sunday a collection will be received for the poor of the city and Hope College."

Kanters—"Is the transformed wife of Lot still a salt-pillar on the plains of Sodom?"

Prof. Bergen—"Yes, Kanters, I wish it were here. Salt is good for savoring."

L. L. L. yell resurrected:—

Hic, haec, hoc,
Oh, what a joke!
You mustn't elope,
With the girls of Hope.

Wanted—A groom at Co-op Association to tend to the new lot of ponies just arrived.

Prof. M— calls the laboratory "his home." We feel for the is-to-be Mrs. M—.

Lena likes "Biology hour" best, because it comes just when Matt is going the same way.

Beware of Professors who wear glasses!!! They have the abnormal faculty of looking backwards.

The Seniors daily take turns in taking "Bessy" home.

A query—"How can Ham cut Ham? And yet it happened.

Does Prof. V—— enjoy turkey suppers?

Prof. M——'s definitions:—

"Homogenous, means that all parts are just exactly so."

"Concentric and eccentric are opposite terms."

∴ If you are not eccentric you must be concentric.

"It's easy enough to get through college, but it's quite another thing to get the college through you."—Prof. L. And the weary Senior sighs.

"The cosmos has no sort of relation to moral ends; and man's moral progress is found in his combat with the cosmos. At a certain stage in evolution the ethical man (woman included) and the cosmos part company.—Moral Science."

Which does Mr. Kleinhesselink value most, his mask or the fair giver?

In the Dutch room:—

"Vleierey vergiftigt de waarheid."—Mr. Bruins. "Vrijery vergiftigt de waarheid." We advise Mr. Bruins to profit by this mistake.

The verdict given in regard to Mr. Poppen's voice—"A lyric tenor."

Miss Judd's facial expression in rendering the phrase, "And a dastard in war", has been unanimously declared perfect by the members of the Choral Union.

Mr. Bonthuis enjoys Sunday School work very much, especially when he succeeds in inducing young lady visitors to accompany him on his lonely route.

If in reading these locals you fail to see the point, just read between the lines.

Have You Seen the new perfume **Juliet?**
The name of the maker,
Alfred Wright, is a guarantee of quality.
All new Perfumes and Dantiest Atomizers for Holiday Gifts at
CON. DE PREE'S DRUG STORE.

VanZomerén at the concert to his companion, "That doesn't come up to the singing of the Third church choir."

The purchase of a picture frame handsome enough "for the face most dear to him" has nearly bankrupted Mr. Wasdyke.

A Senior has captured the first proposal of the season. Query, Who was it? Lady, gentleman, theological student, or professor?

* * *

Exchanges.

Said the astute publisher, "the title of your story does not seem exactly correct."

"Why not," replied the ambitious author, "But don't you think, 'The Knights of Other Days' is rather ambiguous?"

* *

"Now my good man," said the judge, "What passed between you and the prisoner?"

Oh, thin, plaze your lordship," replied Pat, "sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall. 'Patty' says he. 'What?' sez I. 'Here,' sez he. 'Where?' sez I. 'Whist,' says he. 'Hush,' sez I. And that is all, plaze your lordship."

* *

"But his letters are so gushing," they protested to the fair young thing, correspondent of the sentimental youth. "I know they are," she said, "but you must remember that he writes with a fountain pen."

* *

"Whom the local editor writeth about, he loveth."

* *

Teacher—"There can be no subtraction except from like things. Apples can be subtracted only from apples."

Cooning Jimmy—"Can't we subtract them from the barrel?"

* *

The chief end of man is his foot.

You Will

Read, Write, Work, Think with more comfort after we have relieved that headache (caused by eyestrain) with lenses ground to fit the particular need of your eyes. *Examination Free. Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

W. R. STEVENSON,

94 EAST EIGHTH ST.

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN

Man proposes, woman imposes, and the divorce court exposes.

* *

It is unfortunate for any man to rise in the world—at the end of a rope.

* *

Faith, Hope and Charity are the three graces—but the disgraces are too numerous to mention.

* *

He vowed her beauty, like a star
Had fired the breast of him.
He made this statement to her Pa
Who fired the rest of him.

* *

Tom—"Dick says there is only one girl in all the world for him."

Harry—Just like him to exaggerate. He knows well enough that there isn't even one."

* *

Tardy pupil who for once arrived on time—"Vell, today I am pefore at last. I always vas pehine pefore."

* *

Mrs. Hullthing—"Yes, I couldn't abide the neighborhood."

Mrs. Skybright—"And you could think of no other way to improve it than by moving?"

* *

Under ordinary circumstances, it is proof of unskillful instruction or unwise examination to impose a large number of "conditions" and not "passed."

* *

"Let the young town man who is out of a job, try a year on the farm. Plowing behind a mule will take the kink out of his topnot, the frog out of his throat, the gas off his stomach, the weakness out of his legs, and the corns off his toes, and give him an appetite, an honest living and a sight of heaven."

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HUIZINGA is the man.

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G. W. MOKMA, Cashier.

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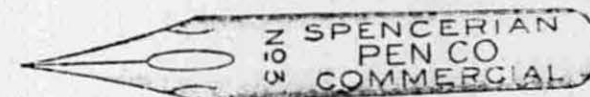
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